

One beautiful morning I got up out of the big white feather bed. I went downstairs to go to breakfast. My mom had made delicious pancakes for breakfast. After I quickly ate my pancakes I quickly rushed outside. When I had got outside the sky was blue, the grass was green. After I had saw all of the beautiful colors I just had to go to see if anything was different in the back yard to. When I got in the back yard to see if anything was different I saw alot of little butterflies flying, a big colorful rainbow, a beautiful sky, beautiful grass, beautiful trees, and one large, blue, and clear ocean with a bunch of little orange, black, and white clown fish. I was going to go put on a bathing suit so that I could go swimming with the fish, but my old house was not there anymore. I found out I didn't have a house. I had an Apt. I also found out that I wasn't in Tennessee anymore. I was in a beautiful place that was known as Hawaii. I didn't even know my own apartment number. I had to tell the apt. keeper my name. He told me that my Number was 238, and when I found out what my apartment number was I went in, and saw how pretty they had kept it for me, also when I seen the beautiful lavender blankets, and sheets that they had on my bed I ran, and jumped on it. When I fell asleep on that bed I all of a sudden was feeling someone lightly tapping on me. It was my mom, when I woke up I started telling her all about my dream, and she said she wishes that she could of had that dream instead of me.

**Score Point: 5**

This response reflects a strong degree of proficiency in narrative writing skills. The writer's story is generally well organized and coherently developed. Some syntactic variety and facility in the use of language are displayed (I quickly rushed outside, beautiful lavender blankets, and I all of a sudden was feeling someone lightly tapping ). There are few errors in mechanics, usage, and sentence structure. Further development would be required for a higher score.